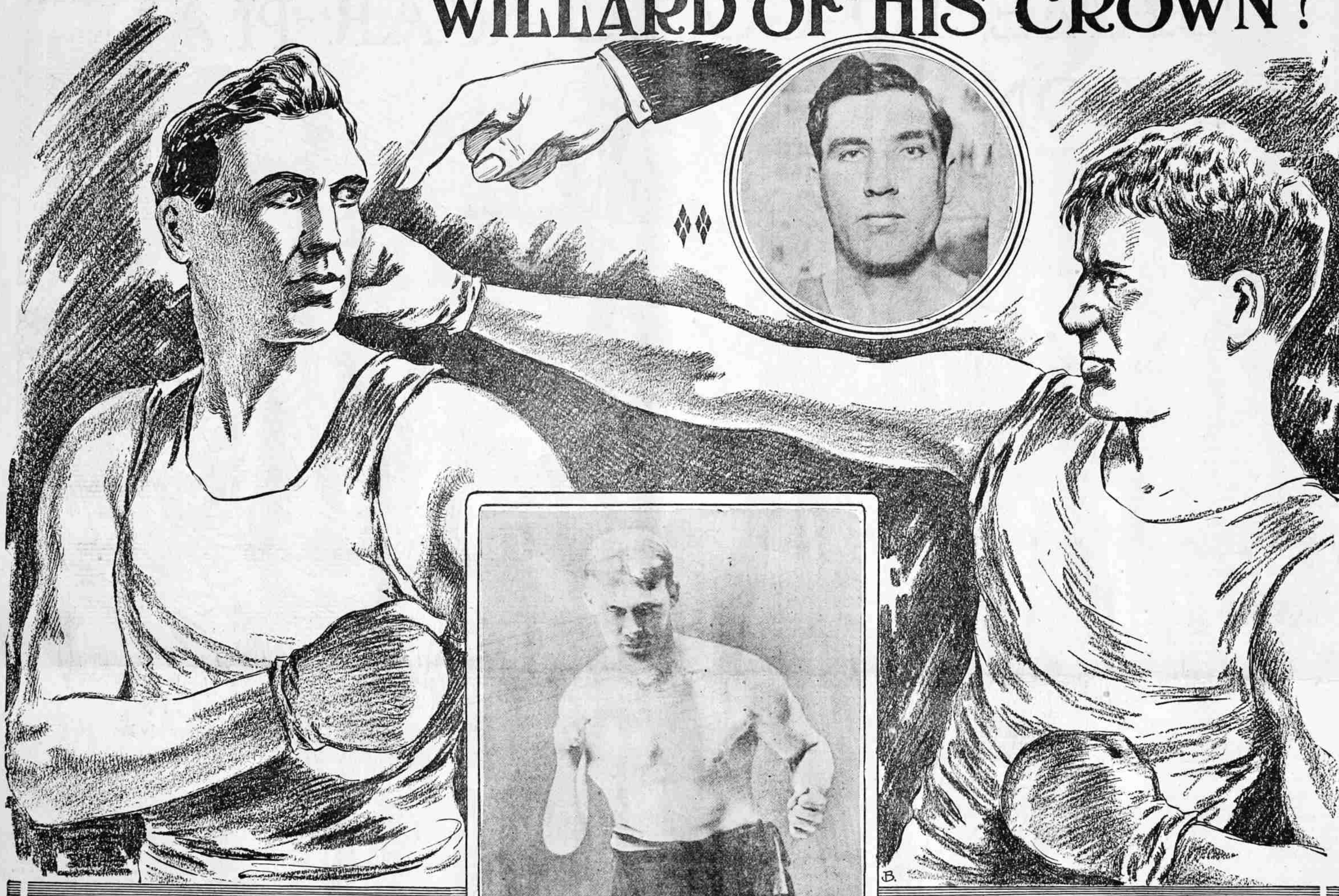


# Magazine Feature Section

## IS THIS THE BLOW THAT WILL ROB WILLARD OF HIS CROWN?



JESS WILLARD

**W**ILL a straight left to the jaw—the same left that twice, within the past three months sent Jim Coffey crashing to the floor for the count of ten—knock the crown off Jess Willard's head?

The crown is by no means secure on the head of the present heavy-weight champion. He obtained it merely because he was lucky enough to draw the match with Jack Johnson last year, and there is a growing impression that any other good man, with youth, strength and endurance, would have won from Johnson.

For that victory in Havana was the victory of youth, strength and endurance over age and dissipation, but Willard wears the crown, and he is going to hold on to it as long as possible without fighting.

When he became champion he announced that he would not fight for a year. He has been industriously reaping his golden harvest since he became champion and steering clear of anything that looked like a real boxer. True, he has given a couple of exhibitions, but care was exercised in selecting his opponents. And then came the proposition for a title bout in New Orleans. It was understood that some good boxer would be matched with Willard. But the promoters, whether they were aided and abetted by Willard, is not known, undertook to bring in Fred Fulton, a mere dub, as the opponent.

A howl of derision went up from all over the country. It was a howl of rage, though, from New Orleans and the newspapers there, and the newspapers denounced the affair to such an extent that it was deemed unwise to try to foster this match on the public, and it was called off. Moran, Coffey, Gunboat Smith, and one or two others, were available, but, no, it would not do to have any one who possessed ordinary skill as a boxer go up against the champion, and hence the attempt to foster Fulton on the suffering public.

Willard has never been regarded as a real champion and he never will be until he whips some good man. Although he is gathering in the money as a result of having won the title, still the public wants him to meet a few others and whip them before it will proclaim him a real champion.

But why should Willard or his managers pay any attention to the public, this same public which is paying its dollars in order to get a glimpse of Willard? As long as Willard can get the money he is not going to risk his title by boxing a good man.

And this is the trouble with the entire boxing game, not only in the heavy, but in the other classes. It's a question of money, money, money. How much will the public stand for? How much can we fleece it? These are the two great points in the boxing game which the champions, their managers and the promoters are constantly asking themselves. They are killing the goose which is laying the golden eggs.

The boxing game will soon be like racing, almost dead. It has been driven out of most of the states, and in the majority of those which still retain it only short bouts are permitted. California was the great stamping ground for the boxers a few years ago, and the boxers, managers and promoters did just like the race-track gamblers did, they overdid everything and were voted out of the state.

Willard has not been a popular champion, for the reasons already given. There was great rejoicing over his victory, because Johnson had never been a popular champion, but the rejoicing was not for Willard himself.

A certain celebrated New York boxing expert, who witnessed the Havana bout and accompanied Johnson north, sent out glowing reports of the alleged hysterical enthusiasm with which the train passed, greeted Willard. From down in Georgia he sent out the following, which many newspapers printed: "Take it from me, the people of the South already class Willard with Jackson and Lee."

When a reputable sport writer sends out "stuff" like that and reputable newspapers print it can you blame a champion for suffering from exaggerated ego? Willard probably believed what the New York writer wrote of him.

Jack Johnson was a well-behaved negro until a lot of white idolators ruined him. They showered their hysterical adulations on him until a well-balanced white man might have believed half of what was told him, let alone a poor, ignorant darkey.

But sometimes does not Jess Willard have a nightmare and does it not consist of a straight right to the jaw? And is that straight right the property of Frank Moran?

Moran, despite the fact that he is about 50 pounds lighter than Willard, 5 inches shorter and his reach is less than Willard's, is regarded as the logical opponent for the champion to prove his worth. Much has been written and



The top photograph shows Willard's fighting face. At the bottom is Moran in fighting pose.

FRANK MORAN

fought a ten-round no-decision bout with Carl Morris, knocked out Al Reich in the third, Jim Flynn in the ninth, Jack Reed in the third, and then, after being knocked out by Moran, came back and knocked out Gunboat Smith in the fourth.

Moran fought but three bouts last year and he registered a knock-out in every one. In London, in March, he knocked out Bombardier Wells in the tenth round; also, in London, in July, he knocked out Gordon Sims in the sixth round, and then he came home to put a crimp in Coffey's aspirations for a title.

In 1914, Moran lost the decision to Jack Johnson in a twenty-round bout in Paris. The best thing Moran showed on that occasion was his ability to assimilate punishment.

"I wasn't arm weary, as some folks charged," said Johnson, in discussing the encounter, "but I was just tired out hitting him. He certainly stood up well under the blows I landed on him."

The year before, Moran knocked out Al McClusky, Jim Logan and Al Falzer. In 1912 he lost in twenty rounds to Gunboat Smith in Frisco, but the fact that he since then has knocked out the man who knocked out Smith clears his record of that defeat, according to the way the "dope" is figured. The record books show several defeats, the worst being administered by Jim Savage. In 1911, but Moran's record, on paper, is much better than Willard's with the exception of the bouts with Johnson.

The record books begin with Willard's fights of 1911, when he lost to Louis Fink on a foul. His first important bout, though, was in 1912 with Arthur Pelkey, which went ten rounds. It was in New York and no decision was given. A few months later he fought ten rounds with Luther McCarthy in New York and was generally credited with a victory. Later in the year he knocked out Soldier White in the first round at Buffalo and in December of that year he knocked out Soldier Kearns in the eighth round.

The following year he was beaten by Gunboat Smith in twenty rounds at San Francisco. In August of that year, while fighting "Bull" Young at Vernon, Cal., the latter died in the eleventh round. It was said that after that Willard was afraid to "cut loose." But, at any rate, he knocked out George Davis and George Rodel later in the year, and in the meantime fought a ten-round no-decision bout with Carl Morris in New York, in which he got the news-paper verdict. In 1914 he fought three bouts, and these were with second-rate fighters, Tom McMahon, George Rodel and Tom Daly.

But it was not until after his two knockouts of Coffey that Moran was regarded as the foremost of the title contenders.

Moran, like many other boxers, is a product of the navy. He served from 1904 to 1908, went all around the world, and came out a quarter-master of the second class and a gun-painter of the first class.

One of his early bouts, which he loves to tell

### MEASUREMENTS OF LEADING HEAVIES.

Willard	Moran
29	29
6 feet 6 inches	6 feet 1 inch
245	195
83 1/2 inches	78 1/2 inches
39 inches	37 inches
44 1/2 inches	42 1/2 inches
14 inches	16 1/2 inches
15 inches	14 inches
8 1/2 inches	9 inches
17 1/2 inches	16 1/2 inches
37 inches	33 1/2 inches
25 1/2 inches	24 1/2 inches
17 1/2 inches	14 1/2 inches
9 1/2 inches	9 1/2 inches
No. 11	No. 10
Place of birth.	
Pottawatomie County, Kan.	Cleveland, Ohio.
Date of birth.	
December 23, 1887.	March 18, 1887.

of, was when he was serving on the Mayflower, the president's yacht, at the time Roosevelt was president. Smith and another sailor, Schmidt, put on a bout for the benefit of Archie Roosevelt one day when the executive's son was on board, and Smith knocked out Schmidt. In discussing his fight with Johnson in Paris, Moran says:

"Johnson was one of the cleverest men who ever drew on a glove, and since that time I have learned a lot about the game. It was a twenty-round bout and I did not have the time, as Willard did in Havana, to wear out Jack. I was eager to land a knockout. It was my only chance, because I knew, as did every one else, that Johnson could easily go twenty rounds. I started out in the first round, and it was then that I delivered my only whole-souled punch. Johnson saw I was eager to win decisively and in a hurry and from that time he clinched almost incessantly and did no more leading than was necessary for him to out-point me, just as he outpointed Willard in the first twenty rounds of their bout.

"If the Willard-Johnson bout had been limited to twenty rounds Jess would not have won the title. Willard could afford to loaf in his bout for he knew the longer it went the weaker Johnson would become, and Johnson, knowing his age was against him, was the man who had to do the work. As it was, Willard's youth and strength began to tell after the twentieth, as Johnson became weaker and weaker."

Moran's parents came from County Mayo, Ireland, and he was 5 years old the family moved to Pittsburgh and he always has called that city his home.